

## Dellamorte, Dellamore

If Hope Dies

You'd think I wouldn't miss you.  
But your persistent voice cuts through me like glass.  
Memories of not so pleasant times soon to kill me.  
Like well-aimed daggers thrown through well-painted hearts.  
But not this time.  
I will remain myself.  
Without influence.  
And without desire.

Take my hand one last time.  
Like a slaughtered lamb laid to rest.  
And follow me to the burial plot.  
On how we were once filled with promise.

Let me gaze upon that face one more time.  
To resurrect regret and throw it all away.  
To taste the lips that once invited curiosity.  
But will now be given the chance to kiss the hand of God.

Take one last breath.  
Make it deep and make it full.  
And I will make it your last.  
Take one last breath.  
Make it deep and make it full.  
And I will make it your last.

I won't be swayed again.  
By your warm breath upon my neck.  
Rather than listen to your voice.  
I'll scream out the last rights of this love.

A book of pictures will fuel this fire.  
Old letters of lies will become a pyre.  
I'll be standing where we first met.  
When I cast your ashes into the wind.

My heart has become your shallow grave.  
No one to mourn you on this sad day.  
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